The Diverting Poſt.

From *Saturday March* 24, to *Saturday March* 31. 1705.

Epithalamium, occaſioned by the Marriage of the Lady *Mary Churchill*, Youngeſt Daughter to his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*, with the Lord *Mount Hermon*, Son and Heir apparent to the Earl of *Montague*.

HYmen, *attend, diffuſive Odours ſpread,*
Light up thy Torch to bleſs the Nuptial Bed.
See how the happy Pair tranſported lie,
With all the Cupids, *and the* Graces *by.*
A Sight like this demands thy nobleſt Song,
Make her bear Heroes, from a Heroe ſprung,
While Churchill, *chang'd to* Montague, *retains*
Her Father's Worth, and Image in her Veins,
And Montague *with beautious* Churchill *join'd,*
Stamps on her Father's Form his Father's Mind,
And ſeems the Ivy round the Oak entwin'd.

Written by a pretty young Lady of *Exon*, who had an ill Opinion of her own Beauty.

BEauty's *a Trifle, merits not my Care,*
I'd rather Æſop's ugly Viſage wear,
Join'd with his Mind, than be a Fool, and Fair.

Damon to *Celia*, who both happened to fall into a River one Evening: Out of which they were taken half Dead, and in a neighbouring Cottage, for want of more, were both put into the ſame Bed, where they ------- Reviv'd.

STrange *was the Fate of Yeſter-night,*
That Death, *which others parts,*
Should, my fair Celia, *thus unite,*
Not ſeparate our Hearts.

Our Souls both for a while were fled;
But meeting in the way,
With Pity mov'd, they ſaw us Dead,
And re-inſpir'd our Clay.

Awaking then, and ſeeing nought
But you, Divinely Fair;
My ſelf I ſtrait in Heaven *thought,*
And you an Angel *there.*

I gaz'd, and kiſs'd, and felt the Fire
Glow in your Cheeks, when now
Our Souls being join'd and one, deſire
Our Bodies ſhould be ſo.

If after Death then ſuch Delight,
Said I, be always found,
Ye Gods! for ſuch another Night,
I'd willingly be drown'd.

On the two *monſterous Fiſhes* lately taken at *Graveſend*.

ONce *in a* Reign, *t'encreaſe our cauſeleſs Fears,*
A Monſter *of the ſcaly Kind appears.*
But Prodigies on us away are thrown,
What can a Nation *fear, long ſince undone?*
Can they yet greater Taxes *e'er portend,*
Or War, *which ne'er, but with the World will End;*
Or to the Church *do they betoken Ill;*
E'er they appear'd, the L---ds had damn'd the Bill.
Can the unhappy Breach be made more wide?
Low Church *already does Triumphant ride.*
If then for nought, they needs muſt hither come,
The Monſters *might as well have ſtay'd at Home.*
Now, God *preſerve our mild and matchleſs* Queen,
And guard his Church *from* Whigs *and* Mod'rate Men.
God bleſs her Friends, the Commons, *when they meet;*
God Bleſs their L---d---ps *too, if He thinks fit:*
For if kind Heav'n wou'd once their Hearts unite,
Whole Shoals of Whales *we'd gaze on with Delight,*
Nor cou'd Leviathan *himſelf affright.*

Silvia to *Strephon*.

AS Duck *in Love with many a mournful* Quack,
Bewails the Abſence of her deareſt Drake;
Vile Drake *perhaps the while, in Mud or Muck,*
Endeavouring to Debauch ſome other Duck;
And with warm Wriggles, does his Coldneſs blame,
And often dives the Deep to quench her Flame:
But if on Banks of Pond fierce Rough *appears,*
Forgets her Fondneſs, and reſumes her Fears;
And whilſt Rough *launches in, to ſeize his Prey,*
Flapping the Flood, with Quackings, wings her way.
Juſt ſo I grieve when you, my laſt Delight,
Inconſtant Strephon, *do your* Silvia *ſlight.*
To eaſe my Cares a Thouſand ways I try,
Talk Waggiſh *with my Maid, drink* Ratifie,
'Till now, the never failing Remedy.
Unmov'd, I charming Addiſon *turn o'er,*
The firſt he ever fail'd to move before.
Ev'n Bleinheim's *lofty Lines ſmall Joy affords,*
While Strephon's *Heart is ſo, I hate hard Words.*
When lo! half out of Breath my Foot-man Swears,
Sir John *quite Drunk, is coming up the Stairs.*
I fly, and ſoon my ſelf within my Cloſet ſcreen,
And bid him tell the Sot, I'll not be ſeen.

To

To *Phillis* keeping *Lent* in the Abſcence of her Huſband.

PHillis, *by Fate debarr'd the Grand Repaſt,*
Reſolves from ev'ry ſort of Fleſh *to faſt:*
Or to her ſelf unrighteouſly ſhe'd carve,
To Feaſt one End, *and let the* other *ſtarve.*

On *Gibraltar* beſieg'd by the *Spaniards*. By *J. N.* a Youth of 16.

AS well might Lambs *the* Lions *Den ſurround,*
As well the timerous Hare *purſue the* Hound.
Spaniards *ne'er learn't the* Engliſh *to ſubdue;*
Eliza *told them this,* Ann *tells 'em now:*
They hate to Fight, (as mangl'd Dutch *Men Knives)*
Tho' for dear Honour, or their dearer Wives.
Th' embattell'd Walls of weak Defence are ſeen,
The Men defend the Walls, and not the Walls the Men.

An Epitaph on *Paſſive Obedience*. By Dr. *W.*

IN hopes of ſudden Reſurrection,
Certain, and ſure, beneath this Stone,
Paſſive Obedience *lies interr'd,*
By Church of England-*Men averr'd,*
As long as for't they were preferr'd.
She was not long ſince in great Favour,
As any Doctrine of our Saviour,
With B-----t, St-----t, *and* P-----k,
Tho' ſome will tell you, 'twas but a Trick
To curry Favour with the Crown,
And make Preferments *all their own:*
For, when ſhe brought 'em into Danger,
They all with one Conſent, cry'd, Hang her:
Wherefore ſhe was Arraign'd, and Try'd,
Condemn'd, and Sentenc'd, thus ſhe Dy'd.
Ætatis Suæ 1688.
Beware, you Chriſtian Doctrines all,
And ſet before your Eyes her Fall:
Beware, I ſay, how you conteſt
With that ſupream Grace, Intereſt;
For her great Crime, upon her Tryal,
Was Anti-chriſtian Self-denial.

On the Duke of *Marlborough*'s approaching Campaign. Made and ſet by Mr. *H. Hall* of *Hereford*, and Sung with great Applauſe by the new Boy at the *Theatre Royal*

HEark to the War, the Trumpet ſounds;
To War, to War, the ecchoing Shore rebounds:
The Hero *haſtens to the Field,*
Makes bright his Sword, and glitt'ring Shield;
Forſakes the Danube's *diſtant Flood,*
Already dy'd with Gallick *Blood;*
Deſigns new Conqueſts for his Queen,
And with Impatience ſeeks the Rein.

To my ſcornful Miſtreſs.

AH! cruel Fair One, thus to vex
Your Slave! But it is like your Sex:
For when th' Almighty One deſign'd
A Woman for his Man to find,
The hardeſt part of him he choſe;
And out of that, an Eve *aroſe:*
Thus being made at firſt of Bone,
Your Hearts are now grown hard as Stone.

This Receipt to make Punch, being half omitted in our laſt through a Miſtake, we have inſerted it again, beging the Author's Pardon.

DRaw from that pleaſant Fountain's pureſt Stream,
Which from a crafty Judge, derives its Name,
Three Quarts of Water; go to th' Cuſtom-Houſe,
Where ſtill we have, in ſpight of Lewis's *Noſe,*
His mighty Nants, *by* Jumper's *Courage won,*
Whoſe many Prizes have his Valour ſhown:
Take thence two Quarts of that all-conqu'ring Spirit;
Two Pounds of Sugar it will juſtly merit:
Let twice ſix Lemons into it be rung,
Fetch'd from that Iſle, whoſe Charms Great Waller *ſung.*
Throw in a Quart of good White Lisbon *Wine,*
And add ſome Goa-ſtone grated very fine: Goa
Two Nutmegs grate, but let them be the leaſt,
Amboyna's *Fruit's bitter to th'* Engliſh *Taſte:*
In a large Bowl, put all theſe things together,
And they'll agree like Upper-Houſe *and* Neather;
'Till lawful Ladle, in Majeſtick Hand,
Does Amity and Unity command.
A hard-bak'd Toaſt muſt in the middle ſwim,
And Lemon-Peel hang garniſhing the Brim.
Now, Lads draw near, in order chooſe your Ground,
And o'er the Left begin a Bumper round,
With th' Royal Health, and Loyal Wiſhes crown'd.
Another to the Prince, and thoſe Commanders,
That Fought ſo well the laſt Campaign in Flanders.
Then with fair Celia's *Health clear all your Throats,*
And a in merry Catch tune up your Notes.
Let Wit and Friendſhip with the Cup go round,
'Till of the Bowl, you have the bottom found.
Then willingly withdraw to eaſie Reſt;
Not wiſhing more, nor with too much oppreſs'd.

Advertiſements.

**** This Day will be publiſhed, *Miſcellanea Sacra*, being a curious Collection of Poems on Divine and Moral Subjects; written by Biſhop *King*, Biſhop *Ken*, Sir *John Crofts*, Mr. *Charles Hopkins*, Mr. *John Dryden*, Mr. *Prior*, and other Celebrated Authors. To which will be annex'd, a ſhort Scheme of an admirable Propoſal for the Relief of our Poor, and Encouragement of Trade; humbly recommended to the Peruſal of all Pious and Charitable Perſons.

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